

WHOLE NUMBER 6.795

CITY BUREAU.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Suicide of Alex. J. Fludder.

[Providence Telegram.

Poetry.

Reminiscence.

BY MISS CAROLINE M. SAWYER.

Many the years since we
gazed, a first time, along the green old lane,
And, as my tears dropped down like summer
rains,
You said "good-bye" to me.

As children, you and I
At once and evening still together played,
Or, gravely seated in the garden-shade,
Told wondrous tales or plans as wondrous
made.

So long the years slipped by,
Then you went gently forth,
To woe and sorrow, and to grief and strife,
Where some day, in a victory, some are
laid.

Defeated, crushed, to earth,
So long the years slipped by,
I scarce remember if the eyes that you
turned on my path were gray or blue,
That they were honest, earnest, frank and
true.

I all that now I know,
We never met again,
O'er stream and mountain towards the setting
sun,
You journeyed on, your wanderings never
done.

And our divergent paths, that had been one,
Forevermore were twain.
I ponder and it seems
As if some shadowy figure's face
Till you forgot in pathos and while
All your fair face's outline
Dreary as a fallow field,
All this far day, when sunny, blue and white
The lake are growing, then so brown and
bright.

And pale the eyes that once were dark as
night,
I could use the tale to tell
Without a name, as you are laid beside
A far-off ocean's deep, unfathomed tide,
Never again to wake on all this wide
And dreary world alone.

If to the unknown sphere
Where dwell the spirits of the countless dead,
Your wanderings over and your tears all shed,
I did not trust your eyes are opened
On happier scenes than here.

When I, too, enter there,
Shall I know you, as you may trace
No look familiar in the altered face
Of one who in your hour held a place
When neither knew a care.

And I may pass you by
Unrecognizing or the shining train
It was as if I had been dead,
E'en Heaven's watchmen if there we strike in
vain.

Earth's worst ones to desert
Yet, who is there can tell—
The world is full of the countless dead,
They read the stars, and earth's deep myste-
ries ken,
But if in heaven we knew our friends again

Oh, problem not too vast
Unsolvable, I feel, to the human mind,
That God, our Father, who loves us so,
Will all with each and all in all
With peace and joy—
—In Caroline Sawyer.

Selected Tale.

"GOING, GOING, GONE."

BY ALBERT HOLLAND HAYES.

"Take it to Rumble. He will give
you twice as much as it as any other
pawbroker."

The speaker was a seedy actor, and
the person he addressed was also a
follower of the histrionic muse. The latter
held before him a small, dark, shaggy
man, who was looking at him with a
surveyed with a look of having to
go to the pawbroker's that made him
rueful, for he would have parted with
a watch, if he had possessed one, with
indifference; but the watch that he
saw in the window-pane made him
slyly at the thought of surrendering
his watch. However, he had to do it.

Both he and his friend were without
money, and it was New Year's eve,
which they did not want to let pass
without a little celebration. There-
fore they had drawn lots to determine
which should hypothecate his overcoat
in order to raise funds. The victim
was preparing to go to the sacrifice.

"Yes," continued his friend, "take
it to Rumble. He is the Prince of
Pawbrokers. Last week I took a set
of gold shirt studs to him. He asked
me at what I valued them. I named
a slightly larger sum than I paid for
them, and the old man gave me fully
what they cost me."

"Let us go at once to Rumble's,"
said the other, seizing his hat, and the
two sallied forth into the night and the
storm.

Down the street they went before the
wind-driven snow. Fortunately they
did not have far to go.

When they opened the door of Rum-
ble's shop the old pawbroker looked
up in surprise. The tempest seemed
to have blown his visitors in. The
windows rattled; the lights flared; fan-
tastic garments, made in the style of
by-gone centuries, swayed two and two
and three together, as though the shapes
that might have worn them haunted
the place; a set of armor that stood in
one corner clanked as though the spirit
of some dead paladin had entered it,
and was striving to stalk forth and do
battle with the demons of the storm;
while the gust that had occasioned all
this commotion in the little shop went
careering through the rooms at the
rear, causing papers to fly, doors to
slam and a sweet voice to exclaim:

"Why, father, what is the matter?"
"Nothing, dear, it is only the
wind," answered the old man, and he
advanced to receive his visitors.

The one with whom he was acquaint-
ed nodded familiarly to the pawbroker
while he of the rueful countenance
pulled off his hat and threw it on
the counter, saying:

"How much will you give me now
that?"

Rumble, who was a large man, rather
fleshy and slow of movement, start-
ed toward the back of the shop with a
sly look, like a slave who had said
he made a lack around the end of the
counter and hove to behind it, oppo-
site the man who had just come in. He
pulled his spectacles down from the
top of his bald head, where they had
been resting, drew the coat toward him,
looked at it for an instant, then raised
his eyes, till they met those of his cus-
tomer.

"How much do you think it is worth?"
he said, uttering the words slowly and
casting a commiserating glance at the
thickly clad form of the man before him.

"I said ten dollars for it," said the
young man. "It is worth ten dol-
lars, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes," returned the pawbroker.
"Shall I loan you ten dollars on it?"

"If you please," answered his cus-
tomer, whose face brightened when he
heard the pawbroker's words. He had
thought he might get five dollars
on the miter. The prospect of getting
ten made him feel like a man of afflu-
ence.

The pawbroker opened a book and
began to fill in one of the many
printed slips contained. One of the
blanks he filled with his customer's
name, James Teague. That was his
real name, not the one by which he
was known to the stage and to fame.

As Rumble handed Teague the tick-
et and the ten dollars he took a stealthy
survey of his slender and poorly clad
form, then glanced toward the window

offer. Without another word he caught
the edge of either sleeve with his fingers
and put his arms out behind him, while
Rumble, who never found the ends of
his capacious sleeves. It was almost
large enough for a man of twice
Teague's size. Dixon had a fit of
laughter at his friend's expense, and
even the pawbroker could not forbear
a smile.

"It is rather large for you, isn't it?"
said Rumble. "Let us try another."
And then he added: "Why, your own
size you want, of course."

Then seizing Teague's miter, which
still lay on the counter, he threw it
into his own capacious sleeves, and
looked at it with a happy
look. He had a clear conscience.
He knew that he was a philanthropist in a
small way, and had helped many a poor
soul when the light of hope was burn-
ing dimly. But he took no credit to
himself for this. The opportunity of
doing a little good had come in his way,
and he had not let it pass; that was all.

Besides, he had often said, he expected to
be asked to do a little good. He had
conducted it on more liberal principles
than most pawbrokers. When he went
into the way he told that a large propo-
tion of pawbrokers' customers never
redeemed their pledges, and that by ad-
vancing on goods pawned only a small
percentage of their value, a great deal
of money was made in the sale of un-
redeemed articles. He thought, there-
fore, that it was only just to loan on
what was brought to him nearly as
much money as he deemed it would
be worth. To do anything less, he
thought, in his opinion, was to be
cheat his customers. Besides, if he
loaned more money on goods, in propo-
tion to their value, than other paw-
brokers, his return in interest was also
greater when the goods were redeemed.
This was the peculiar principle on
which he did business, and it is need-
less to say that he did a very large busi-
ness, much to the disgust of all other
pawbrokers having shops in his neigh-
borhood.

But, strange, therefore, that, as he
stood before the fire on that New
Year's eve, the face of old John Rumble
wore a contented smile. The knowl-
edge of having done good brings con-
tinent, if it brings nothing else; and the
pawbroker knew that he had done
well by his customers, and he thought,
also, that his customers had done well
by him, as he surveyed his full shelves.

While he stood thus musing, the
door of the sitting-room was opened
and his daughter appeared.

"Come in, dear," said the girl. "If
you don't hurry you will not have the
punch ready by midnight."

The old man's face assumed an an-
xious expression, and he started with a
roll for the sitting-room.

Not to have the punch ready to drink
in the New Year at the stroke of mid-
night, would indeed be a calamity. He
had never failed to welcome the New
Year with a brimming cup. His father
had done so before him, his daughter
had done so before him, and he hoped his
grandchild would do so after him.

"Bring the punch-bowl, Fanny," he
said as he went to a cupboard and took
out a big black bottle.

His daughter brought him an old-
fashioned blue china bowl and hot wa-
ter, and while he made the punch Fanny
told him his plans for the coming
year, about which he had been talking
with Fanny.

Arthur Maxwell, who was a civil en-
gineer, had been followed by ill for-
tune for some time. Indeed, he made
Rumble's acquaintance in a purely busi-
ness way but he had called it good fortune
that had led him to the pawbroker's
door, for otherwise he would not have
known Fanny. And now fortune seemed
really to smile on him. He had se-
cured a position with a railroad com-
pany, and was going to Colorado as an
assistant of his chief engineer, who had
charge of the construction of a railway
there.

And then, hesitating, he told the old
man that Fanny had promised to be his
wife soon as he could provide a home
for her.

The pleasure which Rumble had ex-
pressed, as Maxwell told of his good
fortune, was a little dashed by this last
bit of information. Of course he had
expected that his daughter would leave
him sometime, and he had not been
blind to the fact that Maxwell had gain-
ed a place in her affections; neverthe-
less he was not quite prepared for this
news, and it left a shadow on his kindly
face.

"But, father," said Fanny, advancing
quickly and placing her arm around his
neck and her head on his shoulder,
"Arthur and I hope that we shall all be
together. He may return to New York,
but if he had a home in the West you
might live with us there."

It was a loving, tender look which
Rumble gave his daughter as she uttered
these words.

At that moment the clock began to
strike, horns were heard in the street,
there was a ringing and a toll in the
storm the musical notes of a chime fell
on their ears.

Rumble filled the cups and then rais-
ing his, he said:

"Here's to the New Year, and here's
to your success, Arthur, and to Fanny's
happiness."

And while the clock was still strik-
ing the three drank in the New Year.

That year, however, was not a fortu-
nate one for Rumble. His little fund
had dwindled, he had, as he thought,
barely enough to conduct his business
to the time he could legally have an
action. But how was he to do it and
pay his rent? That problem troubled
him. It was finally solved by the con-
sent of his landlord, in consideration
of a high rate of interest, to wait for
his rent until Rumble had his action.

When the arrangement was made the
pawbroker, who had been gloomy for
some time, wore a cheerful look. His
daughter had advised him to pay his
rent and call his lawyers for the time
being; but that, he said, would
never do; and when he had tired over
the crisis in his affairs, he went on dis-
tributing his money among the people
who brought him their old clothes and
their all but worthless jewelry.

From time to time pawbrokers call-
ed on him and tried to persuade him
that his method of doing business was
a mistake; that it was not only hurt-
ing his business but was ruining himself.
Rumble was not moved. If this way
of doing business took from the
profits of other pawbrokers, they were
only meeting with justice, he said; they
had made money enough out of their
paw, he meant to treat his customers
better. He admitted that he might
not get his money back from some of
his investments, but then the action
would make it all right; what he lost
in one way he would get back in an-
other. He looked to the auction as to
a sort of day of judgment, when there
would be a grand review of accounts.

At last the great day came. The day
of the auction. Rumble was full of the
importance of the event and had don-

ned his best clothes in honor of this oc-
casion. He had advertised the auction
in several newspapers, and he expect-
ed a large attendance. It was some-
what disappointed when a little before
the hour for the sale, it began to
rain, but he hoped for the best.

When the auctioneer rapped on the
desk and announced that he was about
to open the sale, there were not more
than a dozen people in the room.

Among them Rumble recognized sev-
eral pawbrokers, and the others look-
ed as though they might belong to the
same guild. He wondered why they
were there. Had they come to bid—
to bid at his auction, on goods on
which he had loaned more money than
they would have loaned?

He did not understand it.

When the sale began Rumble took a
seat near the auctioneer and watched
the proceedings. He soon understood
why the pawbrokers were there. The
pawbroker who had loaned money to
him had not come, and the sale had
not gone far before it dawned on Rum-
ble's mind that the pawbroker had a
secret understanding that they would
not bid against one another, but would
divide the stock among them.

The poor old man's heart sank and
great beads of perspiration appeared
on his brow as he sat there, waiting
for almost nothing. All his worldly
possessions were melting away before
his eyes and he had not the power to
put out his hand and save them. Was
he to lose all he had? No, for he could
hear the auctioneer's voice, loud and clear,
saying:

"Going—going—gone!"

He turned his head and saw his
daughter standing in the sitting-room,
near the door-way, with her eyes fixed
upon him. Her face was white, white
as the kerchief about her neck. She
understood it all. Yes, it was all too
real.

"Going—going—gone!"

Again those terrible words rang like
thunder in his ears, and every time he
heard them he knew that he was a
poor man; he knew that more of his
little stock had gone at a sacrifice.

At last he scarcely heeded the words
of the auctioneer, but sat staring be-
fore him like a spell-bound. The
buzz of conversation about him seemed
like a sound coming from afar, like the
roll of waves on the seashore; and
though, at intervals, like the faint
note of a bell warning seamen of dan-
ger, came those words telling of his
loss:

"Going—going—gone!"

When the auction was over Fanny
went to her father's side. He was ap-
parently dazed. She helped him to
rise. He leaned heavily upon her as
she led him into the sitting-room,
where he sank back into a chair, and
did not utter a word for a long time.

At last, when he found his voice he
said:

"Going—going—gone! It's all gone,
Fanny, all gone! We are ruined!"

Many, many times Rumble had built
up his credit, and he had been able
to do enough to pay the rent, and he
did not have enough to continue his
business, and a few days after the
auction his pawnshop was closed.

In the meantime, to add to their dis-
tress, Fanny had received a letter from
Arthur Maxwell, informing her that
the railroad company with which he
had found employment had failed
owing him several hundred dollars—all
his savings. He wrote that there was
a prospect that a labor-saving inven-
tion of his would be put in use in one of
the mines. This was the only gleam of
hope in the letter. Fanny answered it,
giving Arthur an account of the mis-
fortune which had befallen her father.
Although she gave him the number of
the new lodgings into which they
moved when her father's shop was
closed, she received no reply. She had
hoped soon to have some cheering word
from him, but none came. She could
not understand his silence. This in-
crease in the number of clouded days
in the quantity of rain that fell was
the year beyond many of its predeces-
sors, although the absence of sunshine
was most unfortunate. In the rainfall
the total was below that of 1881, although
there were many more rainy days than
had been recorded for a long period of
years. The rain was often light, but
was long-continued. Thus in May
there were only two periods of twenty-
four hours in the whole month in which
there was rain in this city; yet the
entire fall for the month was only 4.87
inches, against 6.55 in the same month
of 1880, when we had many bright sun-
ny days. The striking contrast between
that month and May, 1887, will be seen
in the record below. The latter was a
dry month throughout its whole length,
as only 0.59 or less than one inch, fell
during that 31 days.

The fall months of 1888 were unusu-
ally wet. From the beginning of Au-
gust to the close of the year we had
wonderful rains. This was severe-
ly felt by the florists, and roses be-
came very scarce and dear. Bottom
heat, as the furnace warmth is called,
will propagate cuttings and stimulate
the growth of plants, but it needs the
sunshine for flowers. The excess of
moisture in the atmosphere was felt
also by invalids, who suffered far more
than usual from damp air, that often
seemed like poison to the weak lungs.

This excess of rain has extended
well beyond the coast, to a great dis-
tance, and has been especially un-
favorable to the west, where the previous
seasons of drought had interfered so
largely with the growing crops.—(N. Y.
Journal of Commerce.)

"Ma," said Johnny Parvenne.
"Yes, Johnny."
"Jim Jones ain't coming to school
any more."
"Why not?"
"Because he's got a tutor."
"My goodness! I never knew a fam-
ily to have so much sickness. Why,
Sally Jones has only just got through
with the measles!"

It was a gloomy Christmas for Fanny,
and when New Year's Eve came she
was still watching by the bedside of
her father, whose fever had reached
its crisis.

Her thoughts went back to another
New Year's Eve when Arthur Maxwell
had told her of his plans for the future.
And it had been so long since she had
heard from him!

She had to get some medicine which
the doctor had ordered, and while her
father slept, asking an acquaintance
who lodged on the same floor to watch
over him, she went out, taking with
her a gold locket which she meant to
pawn.

Although she knew a pawbroker
had opened a shop where her father
had kept his, she had never gone to it.
But something seemed to lead her
there that evening. When she reached
the place her heart almost failed; but,
summoning courage, she entered
the shop and presented the locket to
the pawbroker. While he was ex-
amining it two men entered. The
pawbroker's clerk waited on them.
She seemed to feel their eyes on her.

When she saw the pawbroker's
name he said:

"Rumble? Frances Rumble? Why,
a young man was here to-day inquiring
for Mr. Rumble, and sometime ago he
carried brought two letters here for
you. I could not tell him where you
lived, and he took them away."

Fanny's heart beat wildly. She was
sure that the letters were from Arthur,
and that it was he who inquired for her.

Is this Miss Rumble?" said one of
the men who had followed her into the
shop.

She turned and recognized Dixon.
The person with him was Teague.
Dixon had just pawned a watch, and
remarked that he wished Rumble still
kept the shop.

When Fanny told them of her father's
illness and of his misfortune, Dixon
and Teague insisted on going home
with her, meaning to lend assistance
in some way.

When they reached Fanny's humble
lodging, and followed her into her
father's room, they found Maxwell at
Rumble's bedside.

A cry of joy escaped Fanny as her
lover folded her into his arms. She
soon learned from him that he had
never received the letter in which she
wrote him about her father's trouble
and their removal from the old shop.
It had missed him; while he was
moving about in the West. And then
he told her of the success of his inven-
tion.

Rumble, whose mind was lucid for
the moment, said:

"You will be happy at last, Fanny.
Arthur has come for you!"

"And you, too, will be happy with
us, father," replied Fanny, taking his
hands in hers.

The old man smiled faintly, and
rolled his head to and fro on his pillow,
as if he thought differently.

The clock began to strike; it was mid-
night, and the new year was at hand,
and a distant chime was heard.

Rumble's mind once more began to
wander; and he lay back about the
auction again he mused, the words
that had troubled him so much:

"Going—going—gone!"

They were his last words. The old
man's life went out with the old year.
—(Holladay's Magazine.)

Two Noble Heroines.

There is always a grand distribution
of crosses of the Legion of Honor at
New Year, and two women have this
year been thus distinguished. The
first of these is a nun known as Sister
Katharine, who has spent thirty-five years
of her life in tending the sick and
wounded in the military hospitals. She
is now attached to that of Lorient,
where she has earned a quiet reputa-
tion for earnest labor, kindness of heart
and devotion. Miss Coralie Cohen,
the other heroine, is the widow of a
doctor of repute, and has deserved
this distinction for her noble conduct
during the Franco-German war. She
was present at the battle of Marston,
and was able to save many lives, and by her
indomitable energy to make up in a
measure for the defective organization
of the ambulances. Several hundred
wounded soldiers were carried into
Metz under her orders, and during the
siege she labored night and day in the
hospitals. After the fall of that town
she went to Vendôme, where nurses
were in great demand, and where she
kept up and sustained an ambulance.
Nor did her efforts cease when peace
had been restored, for she started for
Germany and worked hard there to im-
prove the condition and lessen the suf-
ferings of the French prisoners in the
hospitals. While there she was sent
for by the Empress Augusta, who, at
the end of a long interview, took off
the red cross she wore around her neck
and placed it on that of Miss Cohen,
calling her "la grande Française."
—(London Queen.)

A WET YEAR.

The Flash, Drip and Drizzle of 1888.

The year 1888 was remarkable for an
overcast sky and frequent rains. For
this reason many who pined for the
sunlight, when day after day brought
overhanging clouds and "falling weather,"
insisted that the season was un-
precedented for moisture, and that
there was nothing like it within the
memory of the oldest inhabitant.

Neither in the number of clouded days
nor in the quantity of rain that fell was
the year beyond many of its predeces-
sors, although the absence of sunshine
was most unfortunate. In the rainfall
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Miscellaneous.

Butterick's Pattern
 FOR FEBRUARY RECEIVED
 LEWANDO'S
 FRENCH DYE HOUSE
 AGENCY,
 S. W.
 327 Thames Street
 REMOVAL
 I have removed my
 Ink & Harness Business
 formerly occupied by T. G.
 to the Boston Store, where I
 continue the sale of
 Pens and Traveling
 of every variety.

**BESS MAKING A
PAIRING**
In all its brabecles, and
Carriage Trim
Harness Snaps at half-price
Express Harnesses in N.Y.
Brass a specialty
John McCa

—AT—
HAZARD & HO
42 CHURCH
you can find a first-line
FURNITU
all kinds, also furniture
the latest patterns. Wo a
the nice pieces of old fu
the rare pieces of old cro
repaired, refinished,
stered, mattresses made
er, and furniture, cro
acked and shipped.

A ssignee's No

NOTICE is hereby given that S. J. HARRIS and John Buck have this day made a general assignment to me for the benefit of all their creditors, including all persons indebted to them, and all persons indebted to me and all persons to whom I am indebted are notified to present to me within six months from the date of this assignment all claims against said estate to bring to said assignee.

W. H. ALLEN, Assignee.
Newport, January 19, 1882.

Assignee's Notice

THE UNDERSIGNED having been appointed assignee of the estate of J. C. JAMISON, for the benefit of all his creditors, and all persons indebted to said estate to make claim to him, and to those to whom said estate is liable to bring to said assignee.

THOS. CARP, Assignee.
Jamestown, Oct. 16, 1883.

Assignee's Notice

NOTICE is hereby given that S. J. HARRIS and John Buck have this day made a general assignment to me for the benefit of all their creditors, and all persons indebted to them, and all persons indebted to me and all persons to whom I am indebted are notified to present to me within six months from the date of this assignment all claims against said estate to bring to said assignee.

W. H. ALLEN, Assignee.
Newport, January 19, 1882.

Newport, January 23, 1893

Now is the
BEFORE YOU NEED
To have a
New Fur
put in or your old one put in
for winter, both of which can be
best manner by experienced
W. K. COVER
163 Thame
RHODE IS
Hospital T

Office 60 South B
Open from 9:30 A.
PROVIDENCE
CAPITAL \$
Pays interest on DE
checks at sight.
MONIES loaned on RE
satisfactory security.
BILLS OF EXCHANGE
CREDIT furnished a availab
world.
All business transacted be
attended to by this Comp
All information furnished
The TRUST COMPANY o
to act as Executor, Admini
or Receiver in the settle
Probate Court and succe
these capacities.
Executors, Administrators
who deposit bonds with
exempted by law from li
tly.
[Directors]—ARON C. MAR
fee, Christopher Eppling
H. L. Goddard, G. C. E
Sprague, William B. Ely,
William Binney, William
Hazard, Edward D. And
Horatio N. Campbell, C
W. Timmons, Roscoe L
Pegram and Lyman H. B
TREASURER—J. W.
W. L. LATHAM, Vice-P
S. C. C.

POWERS OF ATTORNEY

**VEGETABLE
PAIN DESTROYER**

INVALUABLE FOR
ALL PAINS AND INFLAMMATIONS.

Sore Throat, Diphtheria.
Use the Extract promptly. Delay is dangerous. Relief assured.

Sores, Sprains, Bruises.
It is cooling, cleansing, and Healing.

Calarrh. Wm. H. H. Extract is unparelled, passed for Calarrh. Cold in the Head, etc. (See page 11.) A book of Directions wrapped around each bottle.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia. No other preparation has been so successful in curing complaints thus named. **Poult's Extract, Try it!**

Hemorrhages. Bleeding from the nose, lungs, stomach, bowels, etc. None, or from any cause, is speedily controlled and stopped.

Piles. Poult's Extract is undoubtedly the best remedy known for Hemorrhoids. Poult's Extract, when used in connection with the Extract is highly recommended. (See p. 15, Book of Directions wrapped around each bottle.)

Female Complaints. In the majority of female diseases the Extract can be used to well known, with the greatest benefit. Full directions accompany each bottle.

Poult's Extract is Known Everywhere. It is used in the household of the President as well as that of the poorest laborer. It cures the headache and the dizzy, the sore throat and the croup, the Bar and the French, the infant and the pre-arranged ranks in the army and the navy, the classes of people.

CATION.

Pond's Extract has been initiated
the world's "Pond's Extract" Blom
the gas, and our pleasure trace mark
essentially but warring. None other
possible. Always use the "Pond's
Extract." Take no other preparation.
It is kept and in bulk or by measure.
Sold everywhere. Prices, 50c., 81, 81.75.
Prepared only by **POND'S EXTRACT CO.**
76 6th Ave., New York.

**POND'S
EXTRACT**

**ES-
OINTMENT**

*This Ointment is special
recommended for Piles.*
If used in connection with

PIL **Pond's Extract** it will
be found invaluable.
Also for Burns, Scalds,
Eruptions, &c., &c. To be obtained
from all classes. Price 50
Sold by all Druggists or sent by mail
on receipt of price. Put up only
POND'S EXTRACT CO., 76 6th Ave., N.Y.

HENRY A. THORNDIKE
TRUCKMAN & CONTRACTOR
Best facilities for handling heavy goods

Buildlers' and Contractors' Trade
A SPECIALTY.
Estimates given on all kinds of
Communications by mail or otherwise
The grain store of
J. B. MASON
No. 339 Thames Street, New

will receive prompt attention.

Thorndike's Express, Estab
1892.

11-17

FOR

CHOICE

TEAS

human
use—
and Chi-
by over
English,
Russian,
\$7,000,-
0), rank
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alleged
to be
half-bred
e about
A few

AND
COFFEE
CALL AT
Sayer Brothers

283 Thames Street

Prepared Compound

An excellent Summer fuel,
Kindles quickly and
Makes an Intense fire,
Especially good for open gr.
Clearly, convenient and economical
Delivered anywhere here within the
part of the city.

Leave orders at either office

191 THAMES

161 THAMES
—OR—
557 THAMES
—OR—
THIS IS THE SE
When you can secure exceptional large
commission or unprepared to take the
travelling expenses of one hundred per
cent appears at the Works. For
apply at either office.

THE NEWPORT

Gas Light

If You Have

No appetite, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Cold running flesh, you will find

Tutt's

the remedy you need. To the weak stomach and flagging energies. Suffering from mental or physical overwork. Relief from them. Nicely summarized.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 4.

WAIT FOR IT. WATCH FOR IT. COME TO IT.

THE FEBRUARY SALE

-OF-

Boots and Shoes

-AT-

COTTRELL'S,

144 THAMES STREET.

THE STOCK

OF THE

Mass. Real Estate Co.

FOR SALE.

Boston's Best Business Real Estate for Security.

Send for descriptive pamphlet or call at the office of the Company, Room 11, Advertising Building, 216 Washington Street, Boston.

GEORGE LEONARD, Gen. Agent.

1-25 Cts.

WILLIAM H. FLUDDER,

Bellevue Ave. & Catherine St.

Masons' Work

In all its branches.

Draining and Plumbing Work

A SPECIALTY.

Also dealer in best quality

Vitriolized Salt Glazed Drain & Sewer Pipe.

Extra Heavy Iron Soil Pipes and Fittings.

Iron Cisterns, Caves and Frames.

Stable and Yard Traps, etc.

P. O. BOX 517.

J. C. Coggeshall & Co.,

Dealers in

Beef, Veal, Mutton, Lamb, &c.

If you want the best

Hams, Bacon, Lard, Salt Pork & Sausages

of all kinds, both smoked and fresh, we have them. We call them

"The Diamond C,"

and they are all our own make.

Trade Mark.

We also manufacture

"The Diamond C" Mince Meat

which is the best.

4 Washington Square.

Telephone connection.

Goods delivered free.

Philadelphia Store.

GROCERIES

-AND-

PROVISIONS.

Choice of Goods.

Lowest of Prices.

GROCERIES,

MEATS,

POULTRY,

VEGETABLES.

CROCKERY & GLASSWARE

Patent Medicines.

F.N. Barlow & Co.,

145 Thames Street.

BLOCK ISLAND.

TOWN AFFAIRS.—The regular monthly meeting of the Town Council and Court of Probate was held at the town hall, Monday, Feb. 4th. There were present, president John P. Champlin, Daniel Mott, Samuel L. Hayes, Elias N. Littlefield, Hamilton M. Ball and John P. Littlefield.

Court of Probate.—John G. Sheffield, guardian of the person and estate of Nathaniel Littlefield, represented that the estate was in debt about \$250, and asked for the privilege either to raise that amount by giving a mortgage on the said estate, or to sell enough to satisfy the demands of creditors. The council after considering the matter concluded to grant the former request.

Town Council.—The report of the committee who were appointed to lay out the new highway, beginning at the skating rink of Mr. C. H. Hall and running in a general southerly and westerly direction to the south-east light house, then westerly to connect with the road that terminates at the south bluffs, was received and notice ordered for the land owners, through whose land the road is laid out, to appear on the first Monday in March, and show cause if any, why said report should not be received, and the road laid out. The substance of the report relative to the cost of the road is as follows: Nicholas Ball land damage \$497.30; David M. Rose \$50.00; P. J. Catell and wife \$11.25; Chas. E. Littlefield \$125.00; Samuel P. Dodge \$10.00; Caleb W. Dodge \$18.00; Freeman M. Milliken \$50.00; Richard Dodge \$10.00. Messrs. Barzilla B. Mitchell and O. S. Madden trustees for the Michigan Bluff syndicate, have not yet given in their land damage, neither have the trustees of the Episcopal chapel, which, in addition to the pieces already given, will swell the whole cost of the road to quite a large amount. Several bills were introduced and ordered paid, to Hiram L. Mott overseer of poor, \$44.04; to A. H. Sprague administrator on the estate of the late Dr. Bennett \$50.60; to Irving O. Ball \$30.00; to John G. Sheffield \$11.00 for damage done to sheep by dogs. Immediately after the adjournment of the Council, the breach committee convened and allowed the bill of Anderson C. Rose of \$43.01 for labor and material furnished in building a small arch on the east side of the bridge.

PORTSMOUTH.—The annual meeting of the Grand Lodge of I. O. of O. F., in Providence on Tuesday was well represented by members from Oakland and Scituate Lodges of this town. Owing to the severity of the storm and the heavy state of the roads Tuesday evening, the "Stevens and Fizz Concert" which was to have been in Oakland Hall was indefinitely postponed.

On Wednesday evening "Seafotch and Carter's" combination troupe gave a second concert in Oakland Hall. The attendance was not as large as on their former visit.

Mr. Frank R. Tallman's large mastiff has been missing for upwards of two weeks. It is feared that he has been killed.

Mr. Alexander Hamilton Chase, one of our oldest citizens, died on Sunday morning at his home near "Quaker Hill." He was in his eighty-first year. The funeral services were held at his late residence on Tuesday at 12:30 o'clock, Rev. B. F. Dimon officiating. Friend William Jacobs, of Newport, was present and assisted. Burial in Methodist Cemetery at Northwren.

The Rev. Thomas H. Corroft, of Providence, is expected to be at St. Mary's to-morrow (Sunday) morning and evening, and at Holy Cross church in the afternoon.

Mr. Norman Clark and wife, of Brookfield, N. Y., are visiting his brother John D. Clark.

The oyster supper given by the Christian church, at the house of Deacon White, on Wednesday evening, was well attended.

Don't forget the "Cavalcade Social" on Wednesday evening next in Oakland Hall.

TIVERTON.

The schools in Districts No. 2 and 3 are closed for a week's vacation.

Friday evening a large company assembled at White's Hall in response to an invitation from the members of the Congregational Sabbath School to be present at their festival. The hours glided by in social chat and games, followed by two humorous recitations, "The Church Organ," by Miss Lillian Potter, a sketch from "Josiah Allen's Wife" by Miss Lizzie Mansfield and a drama entitled "Taking Boarders," all of which was received with applause. A supper of coffee and cake closed the evening's entertainment.

The report from the librarian of the Whitridge Hall Library has been received. During the month of January the total number of books circulated was 389, and were as follows: Biography 4, History 11, Travel and Geography 26, Science and Art 1, Literature and Language 3, Fiction 201, Miscellaneous 4. Since the commencement of the year about 70 new books have been added to the library.

At a meeting of the Town Council held at the town hall, Monday, February 4th, present a full board, the following business was transacted:

Voted, That Austin Walker be a committee to have printed fifty copies of sections 1, 2, 3 and 5 of chapter 92 of the Public Statutes, and that the town sergeant post a part of said copies in different parts of the town.

First and final account of Charles H. Brown, administrator on the estate of Mary Brown, deceased, received, allowed and ordered recorded.

Poleg D. Humphrey appointed as a committee to communicate with the Overseers of the Poor of Bristol, R. I., and make such arrangements for the relief of the widow of Joseph Lake, Jr., as may seem best to him.

Inventory of the estate of William H. Negus received, sworn to and ordered recorded.

David Manchester appointed keeper of the town asylum for the year commencing March 25th, 1889, at a salary of \$350 per annum.

Voted to reduce the assessors valuation of the personal property of Abel G. Manchester \$500, and to sink \$1.40 of the tax assessed against him.

Resignation of William A. Baldwin, as constable, under section 35 of chapter 92 of the Public Statutes of Rhode Island, and of all other town officers which are now held by him, received and accepted.

LITTLE COMPTON.

Mrs. Burlingame, of Providence, President of the Rhode Island W. C. T. U., spent Sunday with the churches in this town, speaking at the Congregational church in the morning, and at the Methodist church in the evening. Union meetings were held. She represented the progress that has been made in the State under the Prohibition amendment. She declared that it was not a failure, and asked for a little time to make it clear to all. Rhode Island is making the amendment more successful than Kansas did in the same length of time, and now there is not a dram shop in that State. Mrs. Burlingame also addressed "The Alliance" of the Methodist church at their religious meeting Sunday afternoon.

Miss Mary White returned to Providence to the Normal School on Tuesday. She passed a most excellent examination at the close of last term.

MASSACHUSETTS.

About 500 New Bedford citizens have signed a petition to the Legislature for authority to enable the County Commissioners to erect a bridge between the north part of New Bedford and Fairhaven. The bridge is estimated to cost from \$20,000 to \$40,000.

Mrs. Cynthia Hathaway, of Saco, Mass., passed her 100th birthday yesterday. She sang songs and joined in the festivities of the occasion, even to dancing with her oldest son, who is over 80 years old.

Mrs. Ruth Jewell, who lives with her grand-daughter Mrs. J. W. Bean, in North Limington, Me., was 100 years old February 2. She retains her faculties to a remarkable degree.

MAINE.

Mr. T. J. Stevens, of Bangor, of the firm of T. J. Stevens & Co., says, considering the prospects of Maine for men, "The Penobscot crop of ice is assured, and the same cannot truthfully be said of any other river in Maine. The Penobscot people are smart, and if they can't get their usual crop of 800,000 or 1,000,000 tons on the river they'll seek the ponds and streams, for ice they must have. They at present, as I have been told, cannot plane their ice for the reason that it is unsafe for horses. Here on the Penobscot we have in houses about 80,000 tons, nearly all of which was cut last year, though some is two years' old. In 1880, when we had a winter similar to this, and when in February, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Providence, Boston and other cities came down here clamoring for ice, we turned to and cut into April.

The Homeliest Man in Newport As well as the handsomest, and others are invited to call on any druggist and get free a total bottle of Rempe's Kidney and Bladder Pills, a remedy that is selling entirely upon its merits and is guaranteed to relieve all cases of Chronic and Acute Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumptive Cough, bottles 50 cents and \$1.

New Advertisements.

Sale by Executrix.

BY VIRTUE of a decree of the Honorable Court of Probate of the City of Newport in Rhode Island, the undersigned, Executrix of the estate of JAMES W. PALMER, late of said Newport, deceased, will sell at public auction on SATURDAY, the 24th day of March, 1889, at 12 o'clock noon, on the premises hereinafter described, all the right, title and interest of which the said James W. Palmer died seized and possessed, in and to a certain lot of land, situate in said Newport, together with certain buildings thereon standing, bounded Northernly by Poplar street thirty and six-tenths feet, Easternly by other land of the said James W. Palmer, deceased, forty and six-tenths feet, Southernly by land now or formerly of Elizabeth S. Johnson thirty and six-tenths feet, and Westernly by the highway commonly known as the "Mystery" forty and six-tenths feet.

First-Class Paper Hangings

AT AUCTION

Aquidneck Hall Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Feb. 12, 13 and 14, each day at 10 o'clock.

Will be sold 300 rolls of first-class paper hangings and borderings in lots to suit purchasers, from Cornell's, Brooklyn.

THOS. BURLINGHAM, Auctioneer.

Right Here

We would like to call SPECIAL attention to a few of our many BARGAINS.

Knee Pants 25c; cheap at 50c

Men's All-wool Pants, \$2.50; cheap at \$3.

Boys' Corduroy Suits \$3.50; sold elsewhere at \$4.50.

All-wool Suits at \$10; cheap at \$13.

Scotch Caps 21c; sold by other dealers at 40c

Haverlock Scotch Caps; 50c; sold by other dealers at 75c.

Our price 50c.

Men's Fur Caps 75c cheap at \$1.25.

Men's All-Wool Gloves 29c; cheap at 45c.

Tam O'Shanter and Toboggans, 25c.

Woolen Mitts 18c. a pr

Men's Overcoats, Ulsters and Reefers at Liberal Discounts.

Dress Snits to Hire.

Newport One-Price Clothing Co.,

208-Thames St.-208

167 Thames Street.

A. C. Landers' Column

SHAMROCK

PURE

IRISH LINEN

PAPER

-AT-

10 CENTS A QUIRE,

Ruled or Plain.

Envelopes

TO MATCH

10 Cents.

GOOD

Heavy Weight Paper

5c. a quire.

ENVELOPES

5c. a package.

INK,

5c. a bottle.

3 Best Rubber Top Lead Pencils for 5c.

Brass Cabinet Frames 10c.

" " " 15c.

Real Estate at Auction.

Silver Cabinet Frames 20c.

Brass Cabinet Frames 23, 34, 39, 49.

Plush Frames 49c.

Pocket Books, all Shapes and Styles, for 25, 49, 95c. up.

Ladies' Leather Card Cases 25, 39, 49, 59, 95c. up.

Cigar Cases 25, 49, 59, 95 up.

-AT-

A. C. Landers,

167 Thames Street.

New Advertisements.

Agricultural Lectures.

A series under the auspices of the

State Board of Agriculture and the

R. I. Society for the Encouragement

of Domestic Industry

will be held in the rooms of the Society,

128 North Main Street, Providence,

Wednesdays at 1 o'clock P. M.

HARRIS B. HARRIS, Esq., of Providence, R. I.,

WEDNESDAY, February 13,

On Breeding and Care of Poultry.

Prof. Wm. H. Bowker, of Boston, Mass.,

WEDNESDAY, February 20,

On Fertilizers.

Hon. Edward F. Howditch, of Framingham,

Mass.,

WEDNESDAY, February 27,

On Breeding and Care of Cattle and Sheep.

Mrs. George H. Chase, of Middlefield, Mass.,

WEDNESDAY, March 6,

On Farming Wages and Daughters.

Hon. Obadiah H. Hallowell, of Worcester, Mass.,

WEDNESDAY, March 13,

On Farming for Profit.

Mr. David S. Collins, of Cranston,

WEDNESDAY, March 20,

On Value of Agricultural Fairs to the State.

The Public are Cordially Invited.

For the Committee,

DAVID S. COLLINS, Secretary.

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Newport, R. I.,

December 1, A. D. 1888.

BY VIRTUE of and in pursuance of an Execution issued out of the Court of Common Pleas within and for the County of Newport in the State of Rhode Island, do hereby give notice that I, the undersigned, Sheriff of said County, will sell at public auction on SATURDAY, the 24th day of March, A. D. 1889, at 12 o'clock P. M., for the satisfaction of said execution, all the right, title and interest of which the said James W. Palmer died seized and possessed, in and to a certain lot of land, situate in said Newport, together with certain buildings thereon standing, bounded Northernly by Poplar street thirty and six-tenths feet, Easternly by other land of the said James W. Palmer, deceased, forty and six-tenths feet, Southernly by land now or formerly of Elizabeth S. Johnson thirty and six-tenths feet, and Westernly by the highway commonly known as the "Mystery" forty and six-tenths feet.

Notices hereby given that I will sell the said attached estate at a Public Auction to be held at the Sheriff's Office in the State House in the City of Newport, in said State of Rhode Island, on SATURDAY, the 24th day of March, A. D. 1889, at 12 o'clock P. M., for the satisfaction of said execution, all the right, title and interest of which the said James W. Palmer died seized and possessed, in and to a certain lot of land, situate in said Newport, together with certain buildings thereon standing, bounded Northernly by Poplar street thirty and six-tenths feet, Easternly by other land of the said James W. Palmer, deceased, forty and six-tenths feet, Southernly by land now or formerly of Elizabeth S. Johnson thirty and six-tenths feet, and Westernly by the highway commonly known as the "Mystery" forty and six-tenths feet.

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